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Title: Night Before Christmas

Author: Gift from Tiffany Case  
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'Twas the night before  
Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was  
stirring, not even a  
mouse;

The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;

The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds,  
While visions of  
sugar-plums danced in

their heads;  
And mamma in her  
'kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled down  
for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn

there arose such a  
clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to  
see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I  
flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast  
of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of  
mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my  
wondering eyes should  
appear,  
But a miniature sleigh,

and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver,

so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it  
must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles  
his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and  
shouted, and called them  
by name;  
"Now, DASHER! now,  
DANCER! now, PRANCER  
and VIXEN!  
On, COMET! on CUPID!  
on, DONDER and BLITZEN!

To the top of the porch!  
to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash  
away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that  
before the wild hurricane  
fly,

When they meet with an  
obstacle, mount to the  
sky,  
So up to the house-top  
the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of  
toys, and St. Nicholas  
too.

And then, in a  
twinkling, I heard on the  
roof  
The prancing and pawing  
of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my hand,  
and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St.

Nicholas came with a  
bound.

He was dressed all in  
fur, from his head to his  
foot,  
And his clothes were all  
tarnished with ashes and

soot;  
A bundle of toys he had  
flung on his back,  
And he looked like a  
peddler just opening his  
pack.

His eyes -- how they

twinkled! his dimples how  
merry!

His cheeks were like  
roses, his nose like a  
cherry!

His droll little mouth was  
drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin

was as white as the  
snow;

The stump of a pipe he  
held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it  
encircled his head like a  
wreath;

He had a broad face and  
a little round belly,  
That shook, when he  
laughed like a bowlful of  
jelly.  
He was chubby and plump,  
a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw

him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a  
twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I  
had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but  
went straight to his

work,  
And filled all the  
stockings; then turned  
with a jerk,  
And laying his finger  
aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the  
chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh,  
to his team gave a  
whistle,  
And away they all flew  
like the down of a  
thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim,  
ere he drove out of

sight,  
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO

ALL, AND TO ALL A  
GOOD-NIGHT"